

A sepia-toned photograph of a courtyard. In the foreground, a stone fountain with a central spout sits on a low, octagonal stone base. The ground is paved with irregular stones. In the background, there are two large buildings with domes. The building on the left has a prominent dome and an arched entrance. The building on the right is partially obscured by trees and has a more complex, multi-tiered dome structure. A tall, slender cypress tree stands between the two buildings. The scene is surrounded by lush vegetation and trees, creating a sense of a secluded, historical setting.

THE
MISSIONARY
HERALD
APRIL 1932

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Our April Issue

as usual, in view of Easter, gives special attention to the Board's Near East Mission, which has stations in Syria as well as in Greece and Turkey. But there are also articles about Africa, China, and India.

We would call attention to Dr. Goodsell's article reviewing "The Constantinople Station Centennial," and to the fact that copies can be obtained from Harvey L. Meeken, 14 Beacon Street, Boston, by those who would like to put on the pageant "A Hundred Years in the Growth of the Kingdom." The text is given in full in this little book and with seven illustrations.

Rev. and Mrs. Everett C. Blake, both of them contributors to this number, have been transferred from Istanbul to Merzifon. Mrs. Blake is the daughter of the Board's Executive Vice-President.

Mr. H. H. Kreider, from whose photographs our cover and half a dozen of our illustrations have been made, is assistant treasurer of the Near East Mission.

Do not fail to note Dr. Fairfield's announcement on page 141 concerning the radio messages to be sent our missionaries on March 30 and April 20.

The reprint—in part—of Dr. Scoville's article in *The Southern Workman* is of interest to American Board readers, since Mr. and Mrs. Simango are the projects of the Fairfield Association of Churches and work in close coöperation with the members of the East Africa Mission.

Two pioneers of that mission were Dr. and Mrs. William L. Thompson. Appreciation of their character and achievement was expressed by both Africans and Europeans when they bid farewell to active service.

Entered as second-class mail matter at the Post Office, Boston, Mass.
Accepted for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103,
Act of October 3, 1917, authorized June 21, 1918

THE MISSIONARY HERALD

The Oldest Periodical in America in Continuous Circulation

A WORLD OUTLOOK FOR WORLD SERVICE

Established in 1818, succeeding *The Panoplist* established 1805, which absorbed
The Massachusetts Missionary Magazine established June, 1803
One Dollar a Year. No club rates. Ten Cents a Copy.
Order of HARVEY L. MEEKEN, 14 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Vol. CXXVIII

APRIL, 1932

No. 4

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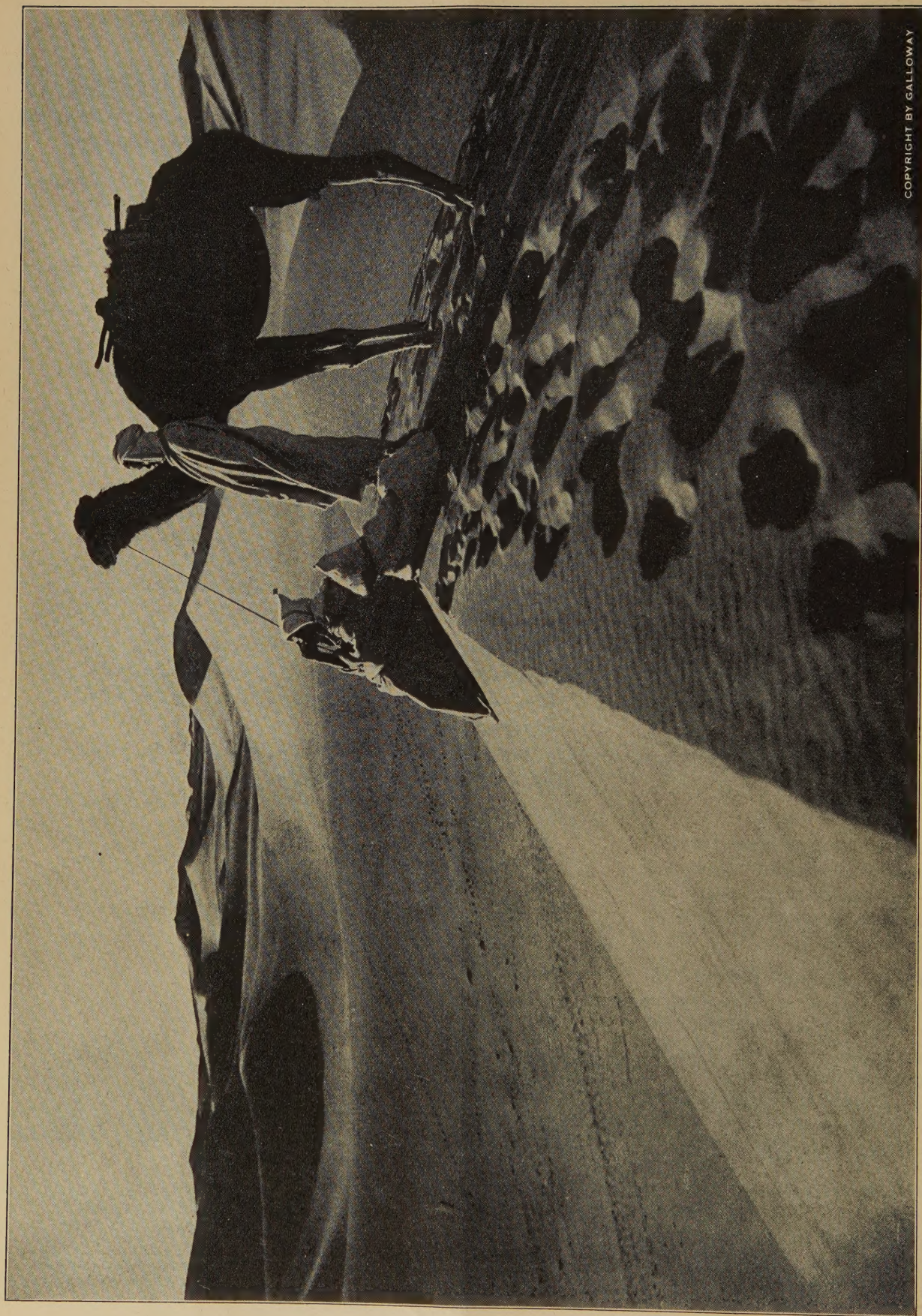
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Foreign Correspondents, HUNDREDS OF WATCHMEN
AT THE CROSSROADS OF THE WORLD

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Publishing Agent, *Missionary Herald*, HARVEY L. MEEKEN, 14 Beacon Street, Boston
Subscription Price: One Dollar, twelve numbers



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DAWN IN THE DESERT



From Desert to Easter Dawn



When Easter dawns,
Remember
The fasting in the desert,
The wrestling with Satanic powers,
The wilderness from whence a Life,
Straight as an arrow to its mark,
Ran its swift course of Service
To Cross and tomb,
To Resurrection.
Remember!
He who in the desert was a-hungered
Fed with the loaves a famished multitude;
Who would not bow the knee to evil
For all the empires of this world,
"Our Father," taught us, "as in Heaven,
On earth Thy Kingdom come."
We vision dawn, O Syrian wilderness,
Above thy drear horizon—
The dawn of Everlasting Day.
And, yearning soul of man,
Who long hast hungered in the desert,
Hast wherewithal to feed the starving;
Who hast for faith, for love, for pity suffered,
Hast part with Christ
In this His Resurrection.

Dawn in the desert!
Behold!
The radiant Easter dawn!

G. H. K.



Constantinople the Beautiful

BY FRED FIELD GOODSELL

THERE is a very interesting legend to the effect that the two banks of the Bosphorus fell into a controversy as to which was the more beautiful. In order to settle the matter they decided to submit their case to a competent judge. After long and picturesque presentations which embraced the beauty of the hills, the vistas of the great river stream with its swirling currents, the palaces along the shores, the towers and battlements cresting the hills, and the wooded areas and gardens on either side from the Marmora to the Black Sea, the judge took the case under advisement. On an appointed day the cohorts of the two litigants appeared and awaited breathlessly the decision of the judge. Without delay or extended statement he announced that the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus was to be regarded as the winner in the case, the reason for his decision being that dwellers on the Asiatic side were in a position to see the beauties of the European side.

This legend feebly hints at the beauties of the physical location of the city of Constantinople, a city whose founding goes back several centuries before Christ but whose period of glory starts with Constantine the Great. Little wonder that this city, with its natural beauty and strategic location, accumulations of tradition and vast intermingling of international life and issues should be in modern times a great center for Christian missions.

A little book of one hundred and twenty pages, entitled *Centennial of Constantinople Station,* 1831-1931*, has just been published in Constantinople by the Near East Mission of the American Board. The atmosphere of the book is that of a family reunion. This is heightened by the fact that the celebration of the centennial took the form of a pageant at the annual meeting of the Near East Mission in July, 1931. Pages 89 to 120 present the essentials of this pageant, illustrated by pictures taken on the occasion. It is partly the thought of the Near

East Mission in publishing this little book that our churches might find, in reproducing this pageant, a very picturesque and attractive form of missionary education.

The heart of the book consists of a brief history of Constantinople Station by the Rev. Charles T. Riggs, the present secretary of the Mission. He passes in review the outstanding leaders and facts of mission history since William Goodell with Mrs. Goodell and two daughters arrived in Constantinople in May, 1831. One gets the impression from Mr. Riggs' sketch of well equipped, consecrated men and women going about the task of sharing their own sources of abundant life without regard to creed or race in one of the most cosmopolitan centers of the world. Vigor, ingenuity, and devotion have characterized the traditions of Constantinople Station throughout its history.

The book contains some interesting sketches of life at Smyrna, Beirut, and Athens, all of which places were occupied by American missionaries before Constantinople. There are also letters from ten former members of the Station, most of whom have now retired. These, with a brief record of addresses by representatives of Robert College, Constantinople College, the Union Evangelical Church of Pera, and by representatives of the Armenian and Greek Evangelical Churches, together with a forward look by one of the youngest members of Constantinople Station today, make up the remainder of the book.

One is surprised to find that of those who participated in the Seventy-Fifth Anniversary of Constantinople Station only five are now living. It is evident that a new generation has grown up. One is also surprised to find that during the century under review two hundred and sixty-eight different missionaries on short or long term service have been connected with Constantinople Station. This list includes those who have seen service in any capacity whatsoever and for any length of time. The list as it stands perhaps does not give a correct impression for

*Copies may be obtained for fifty cents from Harvey L. Meeken, 14 Beacon Street, Boston.

it has hardly been true that throughout the years Constantinople Station has been particularly outstanding from the point of view of numbers of missionaries.

These sentences from Miss Helen Post's "Forward Look" give a true impression of the spirit in which the present members of Constantinople Station are entering the second cen-

tury: "We are called upon to be courageously spiritual, even to the extent of not emphasizing a Christianity that may carry a wrong connotation. In humbly uniting ourselves with the highest aspirations of these people we will find ample opportunity to express and to share the unquenchable joy and insight given us by our fellowship with Jesus Christ."

Turkish Education—Old and New

Photos by H. H. Kreider

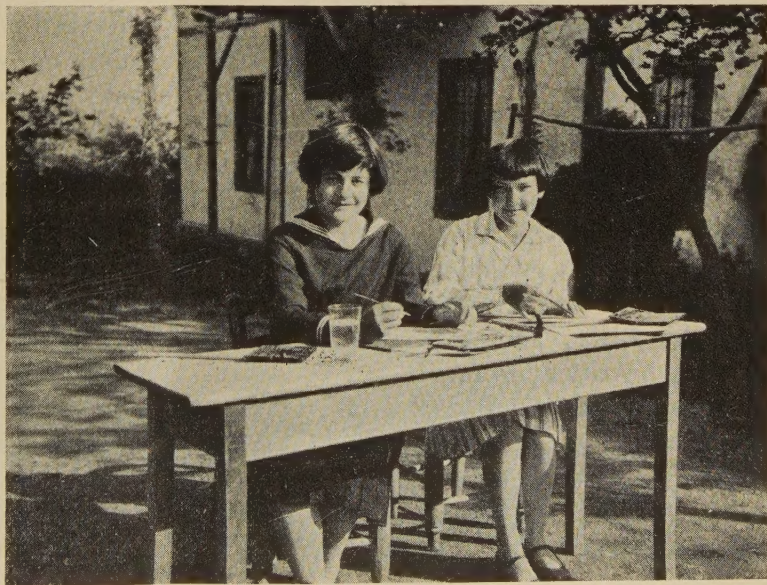


The Scribe

The woman's son is far away in the army. She has heard that he is sick. A letter must be sent to him, and so she goes to the scribe. He takes his reed pen, and with a very scratchy noise, holding the paper upon the outstretched fingers of his left hand, he puts her simple messages and inquiries into high-sounding Turkish, full of Arabic phrases and written in the Arabic characters. This letter is committed to the mails; if received by the boy in the far-away camp it must be translated for him by someone who has spent years in mastering the cumbersome and pedantic forms of the written language.

The Writing Lesson

But these little girls are learning the new script based on our Latin alphabet, and with it they are studying the new language which seeks to get away from the artificial Arabic models of yesterday, and to present in terse and practical everyday Turkish the whirling new ideas which crowd in with modern education.





In the Streets of Istanbul

The new and the old jostle each other still in the streets of Istanbul. The old black *charshaf* is still worn by this conservative lady in the capital, who refuses to uncover her face as she bargains for sweetmeats for her modern little son with this vendor in the public park.

The vendor, if he finds trade not brisk enough in one spot, will set the glass showcase on his head, tuck the pedestal under his arm, and move to more promising quarters.

A Rural Experiment

By EVERETT CARRL BLAKE

THE third act* of our little drama out here in this remote region of Southern Turkey:

Dramatis Personae: Hal Pence, agricultural expert from neighboring Gaziantep.

Billie (Beulah) Pence, his very industrious and talented wife.

Jimmie, three; David, two; Rodric, four months; Edward and Lynda Dewey, seven- and five-year-old children of Dr. and Mrs. Albert Dewey of Gaziantep.

Three Turkish guests, one a Robert College graduate.

"Jack" Blake, an inexperienced greenhorn from the big city of Istanbul.

Twelve hundred villagers of Burj, superior

*Mr. Pence summarized last fall the first and second acts, i.e., weeks, by writing that he and Mrs. Pence had had the experience and privilege of living part of the summer in a Turkish village.

to all of us as to picturesque costume and stage presence.

Place: Our three-roomed mud house on the side of a hill above a valley of fawn and green threaded with silver. Beyond the hill, mountains, on which sunset turns its spotlight of gold and red and soft purple.

Scene One

We are just finishing our evening meal. Gathering our movie machine and films, we go down into the courtyard of our home. The gate is opened and a hundred men and boys who have been waiting outside the wall file in and sit on the grass Hal has brought from the edge of the river. Others come in and, flowing around the edges, fill up the available space. On the neighboring roofs appear the shadowy outlines of women's headdresses. Poor things, shut out from the entertainment!

From our extremely meager selection of films we pick two: "Wisconsin Dairies" and "Felix Goes A-Hunting." The audience evidently thinks the former a comedy for they laugh a good deal at the strange American customs. Though an interesting picture for those who know the fundamentals of scientific dairying, it is quite valueless as an educational film for those whose environment and experience are so totally different. How badly we need a man to make pictures here on the spot, showing the way things should be and can be done in spite of village limitations.

But they enjoy the show anyway, and thank us. They would like a little music now, so we get out our portable and records and play till the gasoline in our Colman lantern conveniently runs out: it is hard sometimes to discover how to send some of these night owls home. Most of the villagers have been in bed since sunset.

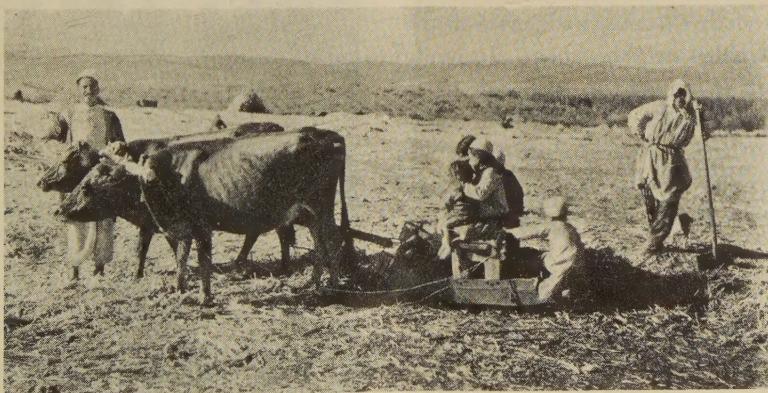
Scene Two

The villagers have seen the screening at the open front of our kitchen (they have no screens); they have seen the holes Hal punched in the windowless thick mud walls and screened; they have seen on the flat roof of our house our pergolas thatched with sycamore and poplar branches to protect us from the sun; they have seen our flytraps; best of all, they have seen six clean healthy kiddies, one of them a Turkish child, son of one of our guests. And they are curious about it all. Perhaps, after all, fresh air and cleanliness and lack of flies have something to do with healthy children.

So a woman who comes to visit is persuaded to allow Beulah to bathe her baby. We have heard it crying pitifully every night. Tub and water and soap are brought and Beulah proceeds. This probably is the second bath the child has had in a year. Children are generally bathed once a year, about our Christmas time. As the mother sits and watches, what is she thinking? Before her are the products of the old, old ways of child care and the new: her child and the Pencés' children. Does she wonder whether she shall continue daily to encase the lower part of her baby's body in warm sand—not to be removed for twenty-four hours—or bathe it every morning? The new way has won out this time: the baby has had a real bath; has been rubbed with camphorated oil; has had borax ointment in its ears; has had its hair combed and curled. And it sleeps without crying the following night.

Scene Three

Threshing floors! On one a woman in the usual village costume of long pantaloons and wide sash under outer garments of brilliant hues is seated on a harrow-like implement drawn by a donkey and a cow. Round and round she circles endlessly, the iron disks of the harrow cutting the barley straw into fine bits. On another threshing floor a young wife is scooping up the straw in a sieve and shaking out the barley in a pile. On a score of threshing floors women are slowly going through the motions that Sarah and Rebecca and Rachel went through three thousand years ago.



THIS IS THE KIND OF HARROW DESCRIBED IN THE TEXT

Village Life in Turkey

Photos by H. H. Kreider



Village Mother and Child

The village woman, unlike her sisters in the big cities, has not greatly altered her dress or her mode of life in recent years. The sort of care a baby receives in a village is alluded to in the accompanying article.

A Village Wedding

is a long drawn out process, its duration being in proportion to the wealth of the groom, but frequently extending over a week or ten days. One phase of this ceremony is the wedding dance, in which a man dressed in feminine costume, to represent the bride who is carefully secluded, executes a dance for the amusement of the assembled neighborhood. In many cases the bride, though in theoretical seclusion, is to be found on a nearby housetop watching the whole performance. This village differs from the one described in the article in that the houses are not of mud nor entirely windowless. But in both, the houses have flat roofs.



But what holds our attention now is a threshing floor, fifty feet by a hundred, around which like a flower border are children wearing little white nightcaps—the mode in this village. On the floor itself are a dozen men running back and forth, kicking at a British-made soccer ball. Their play is a process of trial and error, as they have no conception of the physics of elastic bodies. They are not to blame, poor chaps. The only things they know which are shaped like footballs are hard stones that don't bounce. A husky youth, missing the ball, kicks out both feet from under him and finds himself sitting on the ground. But how they do enjoy it all! Hal and the college man and I find the teaching of these people the rules of good sportsmanship, showing them that there are more enjoyable activities in life than gossip (which often boils up into hatred), are well worth while.

Scene Four

A white-washed kitchen entrance. Seated on small cushions around a large board piled with lentils are Mustafa and Zemzem, his wife, and Beulah and I. The woman is picking over the lentils. Beulah and I have come to call. After welcomes given and blessings invoked (the use of the name of God and of the word Peace in greeting is a beautiful custom which I hope Western secularization will never do away with), the subjects of weather and crops and health are disposed of, and Zemzem retires to bring out a copper bowl of wheat cooked with chick peas. It is passed round and eaten with the fingers like popcorn.

Finally, Mustafa brings up the question that is troubling him. He and Zemzem have been married a long time, so long that they don't re-

member when the marriage took place (neither is over thirty now!). They had a baby but it died. They want a happy family of babies but no more come. Shall Mustafa take another wife? True, the Turkish law is against it but can be evaded as easily as the prohibition law in America. Zemzem smiles sweetly and says that Mustafa ought to have another wife. They must have children. I whisper to Beulah that this is a strange exhibition of lack of jealousy, but she emphatically replies that I don't know women.

Then with remarkable tact Beulah reminds Mustafa how excellent a wife Zemzem has been to him, how she has worked faithfully and hard for him so long, and how trouble would be bound to arise if there were two wives. She says that in America childless husbands and wives take orphan babies and train them up as their own. And there are plenty of these to choose from in Turkey. The act ends with Zemzem and Mustafa seriously considering the suggestion. Who knows what tragedy may have been averted by the friendly counsel.

Epilogue

From the point of view of an outsider rather than of a participant, I feel that this experiment is an attempt to reduce what we of the West have to the common denominator of Turkish life. By utilizing their own equipment in better ways we hope to effect changes in their physical means of life. Only by living amongst the people, accepting their problems and solving them better than they, can we be of the greatest value; if we live the solution of these problems in the environment the peasants understand, all they can say is, "Behold!"

A CLARION CALL FROM A GREAT SOUL

"I fear you are burdened by a very pessimistic atmosphere in Boston. This is no time for that. It is the Board's great opportunity to show its inherent faith and strength. It was at such an hour at the New Haven meeting of the Congregational Council in New Haven a few years ago when they were about to yield to Dean Brown's appeal to shut out all consideration of ministerial relief for another year, the complete change was made and the entire \$5,000,000 proposed fund was granted to the Ministerial Relief Board! The American Board needs courage and enthusiasm for its work, and not faltering or mere 'prudential' consideration. You younger men (in spirit) should get together and take the lead. Go to the churches. Press the timeliness of the hour, and the resources in Christian hearts and the spirit of God. Don't give up the ship! Wherever your flag flies. Support especially the hard-pressed stations, and have friends and foes alike know that you are there to win, as Paul was and as were Napoleon at Austerlitz and Wellington at Waterloo! God is on your side."

From Letter of Henry A. Stimson, D.D.



Putting Teamwork Across in China

By DOROTHY P. CUSHING

I CERTAINLY am!" laughed Rev. Rowland M. Cross of North China, when he had been lured into the editorial sanctum and asked if he was still enthusiastic about his job. He didn't say he thought it a foolish question—he was too polite.

"I can think of no other place than China where my life could count for more than it does right there. In spite of the uncertainty of the situation, anyone who can stay by the Chinese through these years will be in a position to do wonderful things."

And Rowland McLean Cross impresses one as the type that "stays by" on anything he tackles. Quiet and gracious in manner, he unconsciously demonstrates the reasons back of his successful work in China. He came on furlough via Europe so his contact with the rapidly changing situation in China has not been as recent as that of some other workers. But his contact with the vital, lasting elements of Chinese character and psychology, which, after all, are the fundamental things to know, are based on nearly fourteen years of close and cordial contact with students, pastors, and village folk.

And What Have You!

By mule back, by motor cycle, by donkey, by defunct bus, by bicycle, by auto, by train, by Pekin cart, by jinrikisha, by ice sled—but why go on? All these and other modes of conveyance have been used by Mr. Cross in following the long trails that lead through the mountains of Shansi and Shensi provinces where, with his Chinese associates, he visits the village churches and rural groups.

Good Will Not Gunboats

"I have found many evidences of out-going good will on the part of the Chinese," says Mr. Cross. "Whether it was a fellow traveler on the long trail over the Western mountains or a merchant passenger in a crowded car reaching out of the window to buy food for me, there was always that friendliness which is characteristic of the Chinese. China has always stood ready to go more than half way. Although at present she is somewhat disillusioned with regard to the actions of foreign countries, she still welcomes friends.

"In our own mission our relations with the Chinese have never been more cordial than during the last few years. . . . The safety of foreigners in the interior rests upon the good will of the people. They are far away from gunboats and marines, and one has a chance to see clearly that these are not what protect the lives of foreigners living inland."

Travel De Luxe

"Coming from a meeting in Lintsing one time a group of us rode in a decrepit bus," commented Mr. Cross, continuing the ever-fascinating subject of travel. "We had to stop fifty-two times in seventy miles to 'water' the animal, five times to walk, and three times to push! I made a trip on an ice sled across the flooded district near Tientsin. Once I arrived in Paotingfu in a jinrikisha with two young goats! Another missionary and myself traveled for 100 li (33 miles) on bicycle long after darkness had fallen. After going some miles the pedals broke on one machine, so we pulled each other ten miles and walked the last seven!"

Who Is This Man?

A Minnesotan by birth and a son of the Manse, Mr. Cross graduated from Carleton College. He started his theological training at Union Seminary, but completed it in 1917 at Oberlin. Between college and seminary Mr. Cross served for four years in the Hawaiian Islands, dividing his time between teaching in the Mid-Pacific Institute and in the Boy's Department of the Honolulu Y. M. C. A. During seminary vacations he did home missionary work in Montana.

But in 1917 the call of China was too strong to resist, and he went out under the American Board to Peiping, where he specialized in work among students. He conducted Bible study and social service activities. Peiping then had over 1800 students, and Mr. Cross, with his sincerity of purpose, soon won among them a place of leadership. These young people going forth from the schools of Peiping needed to be trained not only in mind but in soul if they were to become true leaders, he was convinced. Later on Mr. Cross was honored with a fellowship which enabled him to take an additional year of study at Union Seminary.

In 1926 Mr. Cross took over his work as foreign general secretary of the Kunglihui, the name of the Chinese Congregational Churches in North China, in which he acted somewhat as a liaison officer between the home base in America and the foreign parish.

Do We Work Well in Tandem?

"Just how does this double harness, i.e., Chinese and American leadership, work out?" Mr. Cross was asked.

"It is the only thing," he replied emphatically. "One of the biggest privileges I have had in China is working with men like Rev. Chang Heng Ch'iu, who up to this last year was general secretary of the Kunglihui.

"Mr. Chang, whose parents were Christians at the time of the Boxer Uprising and whose mother fled with her two sons when their village was attacked, and took refuge in a Buddhist temple, went through our mission schools and was graduated from North China Union College. He then took a pastorate in the Pao-

tingfu field and later taught for a time in the Theological Seminary at Canton. Following this, he came north in 1922 as general secretary of the Kunglihui.

A Choice Spirit

"Mr. Chang is one of the choicest spirits," added Mr. Cross enthusiastically. This devoted



MR. CHANG AND MR. CROSS

worker seems to typify the Christian leadership which can be developed in China, and the remarkable spirit of coöperation between Mr. Chang and Mr. Cross gives a happy demonstration of the way in which Chinese and Americans work together for a common cause. Mr. Chang, who can speak fluently to groups anywhere on Christianity, is a man of tact and diplomacy, who knows when to speak and when to keep still. His Christianity is genuine and the people feel it—hence his success as a spiritual leader. Sickness prevented him from accompanying Mr. Cross to America.

That Kunglihui

Some folks seem to have the type of mind that revels in words like "board of directors," "coöperative committees," "interlocking directorates," etc., and the more sub-committees, rep-

representatives and delegates-at-large and in private, the better it suits them. But some of us, being differently put together, try to make things as simple as possible when it is necessary to take the machinery apart and put it together again. So—

Regarding the organization of the Kunglihui—on which Mr. Cross throws great light—the Council has 21 members, delegates from the seven station associations, namely, Peiping, Tientsin, Lintsing, Fenchow, Paotingfu, Taiku and Tunghsien. There are two delegates from each station association and they represent the three departments—evangelistic, medical and educational. These delegates may be missionaries or Chinese. At the present time two-thirds are Chinese and one-third Americans. There are also six coöpted members. This year these divide “fifty-fifty,” with three Chinese and three missionaries. In addition, each institution or committee that is responsible to the Council has a right to send a representative to the meetings.

An Interesting Point

And here is an interesting point to be clear upon: While the missionaries as individuals are still leaders and advise and aid the independent Chinese churches associated with the Council, one should not make the mistake of thinking of a “Mission” in North China as a group of foreigners.

“The ‘foreign mission’ in North China,” says Mr. Cross, “holds one brief meeting a year and deals only with such personal questions as the health of missionaries and the education of their children. The joint Chinese-foreign groups, from station association to Council, in which the Chinese usually far outnumber the missionary members, handle all questions of missionary personnel; requests for and distribution of funds from abroad; educational, medical and evangelistic work.”

But even the efficient, well-trained Mr. Chang would not consent to being secretary alone—he feels the need, he says, of help from the American workers in problems of personnel. “When we have a ticklish point to meet we feel perfectly free to meet our Chinese co-workers and talk it out,” adds Mr. Cross.

Has the American Board a Future in North China?

Asked if he felt, on the whole, that the American Board, representing the Congregational-Christian Churches of the United States, has a future in North China, Mr. Cross replied:

“I think that among the church groups we have a fine position of leadership. In mass education, in rural reconstruction, in coöperation with the N. C. C. in its program, we have an abundance of opportunities to serve. Our schools and our hospitals are crowded.

“I think our staff of foreigners has been cut down as low as it can stand for some years to come, and that the Council can be depended upon. When they send in an invitation for a missionary it means that they have a real need for him. The need of the Chinese for friends was never greater than now—friends who can sympathize and present their case to others.

“Think of the revolutions taking place in China—think of the social revolution alone, where questions of marriage and family are changing the whole outlook of the young people.

“They are going to be absolutely adrift unless there is someone who can go to them with the Christian point of view, and the modern point of view, and sit down with them to talk things over.”

Plans When He Goes Back

When Mr. Cross returns to China he hopes to go into rural work in the Peiping-Tunghsien area. The rural parish planned by Dr. Kenyon L. Butterfield has gripped the imagination of the Chinese students. “This will involve a rural parish which will include a market area of possibly twenty villages connected with the market town. Each rural group will be in charge of a parish leader, assisted by trained specialists who will promote boys’ work, mass education, dramatics, public health, county fairs and agricultural experiments, with the churches as the power house for the whole plan.”

It is hoped also that training centers for leaders can be established. There is one such now at Tungchow and one at Cheeloo. At Tungchow this year there are 14 students preparing for this work.

Back to the Farm

Students have been responding well to this "back to the country" movement, says Mr. Cross. The war situation may upset all definite plans and hinder progress. "The students of China are awakening to the needs of the people, I think. While critical of the Church, they are ready to respond to a real proposition if the Church has something big enough to put up to them. They do not want to settle down in little country places and do nothing but preach. The rural parish idea seems to offer just the right thing for them."

There are outside the Christian circle today a vast number. In a recent survey of 4,706 villages, a comparatively small area in North China, it was reported that there were only 26 per cent of these villages which had *any* Christians, and most of them had only one or two apiece.

"We are just touching the fringe," declares Mr. Cross.

The Big Question

Then came the BIG QUESTION—"Do you still feel that a young man can go and really give his life to China and not regret it?"

"In any situation in life," replied Mr. Cross, "a man must find himself before he can fit into

the scheme of things. But in China, he felt, whether or not he fits into the work is dependent upon three things:

"He must have faith in the future of China," he said, emphasizing each point; "he must have faith in the Chinese; he must have faith in his own message—that Christianity really has what China needs. He must be friendly. If he loses faith in the Chinese, or faith in China, he had better come home. Of course, he should also go out with a determination to learn the language, and it is a good thing to have a specialty of some kind."

Speaking of "specialties," Mr. Cross has one—*worship*. On his way to America he studied worship in the great churches and cathedrals of England, Germany and Scandinavia. The Chinese are at work on this matter and the custom of periods of silent prayer is taking hold. Dramatics, too, are playing an increasing part.

The Chinese are born actors, and presentations from Bible narrative meet with an encouraging response. Books of prayers and Chinese translations of hymns set to original Chinese tunes are other features of this worship program. Rev. Hugh W. Hubbard and Dean Chao are even now getting out a book in the Thousand Characters putting Christian words to the Chinese tunes that camel drivers sing.

Radio Messages to American Board Missionaries

Through the courtesy of the Westinghouse Radio Stations, the American Board begins a radio broadcast of messages from the American Board and its friends to its missionaries. The broadcasts this spring will be on March 30 and April 20, 11:45 P.M. to 12:15 A.M., from the following stations in Boston:

WBZ 303 metres; 990kc; 25000 watts

WIXAZ 31.35 metres; 9570kc; 5000 watts

Brief messages to missionaries from relatives and friends may be sent for transmission to Secretary Wynn C. Fairfield, 14 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., marked "for radio transmission." These broadcasts are experimental, and if successful will be renewed in November.

On March 30, we can be sure of getting messages only to the following missions: Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, Japan, Mexico, Near East, Spain; North China and Foochow may possibly get word in time.

China and Prayer

By EDWARD HUNTINGTON SMITH

Part of an address given in Pilgrim Hall, Boston, on February 5

CHIANG KAI SHEK for the last four years has been the acknowledged head of the Nanking Government. He is today a Christian member of the Church, with a Christian wife—a Wellesley graduate—and a Christian home. The *New York Times* has told us how during the past months in their home in Nanking they have repeatedly had prayer-meetings, calling his Cabinet together.

His Cabinet—how was it composed? You will recognize two of the names: H. H. Kung, our own Oberlin graduate, Principal of one of our American Board schools in China, the Minister of Industries, Labor and Commerce; T. V. Soong, the Minister of Finance, probably the ablest financier of all Asia, an earnest Christian from his earliest childhood.

Many of you must know C. T. Wang, the former Minister of Foreign Affairs. I have a feeling that C. T. Wang and his splendid foreign adviser, Robert E. Lewis, our great American layman who went out from Cleveland, have been the inspiration of the policies that have controlled China during the last six months in the midst of all this turmoil and confusion. Wasn't it splendid! that Christian group of statesmen in Nanking, refusing to fight, but appealing to the Christian sentiment of the world, appealing to the League and to Washington, for Christian justice.

We are still hoping that those young men out there, the Christian leaders of China, are not to be repulsed and turned back. Think what a calamity it is going to be if the Christian sentiment of the world is to be unable to raise a hand to help them, and the word has to go back to Nanking that there is no justice in this world, that the only security is to be found in fighting. Some of you saw Will Rogers' telegram the other day, saying that the missionaries had been

telling the Chinese to put their trust in the Lord, and the diplomats were telling them to put their trust in the League of Nations—and both had gone back on them.

That is not true.

We ought to unite our prayers with those of Chiang Kai Shek and his closest associates, with those of Robert Lewis and Sherwood Eddy in their great effort.

It was Chiang Kai Shek, you know, who, in December, after Sherwood Eddy had made his very successful campaign throughout Chinese cities, speaking to crowded houses, with thousands of students and hundreds of conversions, went to him and besought him to give the next five years to evangelistic work among the students of China.

The great tragedy of these days is Japan's attack upon China, which threatens the stability of that little group of men who for the last four or five years in Nanking have been overcoming insuperable obstacles, struggling to carry China forward, to win out, and this attack has almost overthrown them.

Christianity must answer this call of the hungry, and the oppressed, and the downtrodden of China.

I remember one little boy praying in Christian Endeavor meeting one evening: "Oh, God, make China just like America." I had to take him aside after meeting and say: "No, that is not what we pray for. Christ taught us a much better prayer than that: that America and China together may be like the Kingdom of Heaven." That is what we are looking forward to, what we are fighting for, and Communism and all these other enemies put us on our mettle, and drive us upon spiritual security, upon a Rock that cannot be shaken.

You *Do* Give More Than Everything Sometimes

ONCE again has been demonstrated the truth that those who have very little can best understand and appreciate need, are readiest to give out of their poverty. In the March MISSIONARY HERALD appeared a plea by Mrs. Emmons White in behalf of her Indian co-workers in the Aruppukottai area. Since that went to press some touching letters have come in.

The workers at Vadala pledged one tenth of their salaries to meet the retrenchment. Without a word from the missionary they discussed this plan and voted it during his absence at General Council Meeting. This means that they are not only giving a tenth toward the retrenchment, but are also giving a tithe to the Church, as they always do.

The members of the church in Wai gave from their meager incomes six hundred rupees to an Indian Loyalty Fund. No suggestions were made by the missionaries; they took the matter up in church and did the whole business themselves. This meant personal sacrifice. The workers in connection with the hospital gave

wonderfully. Some of them were cleaning women and were paid about five dollars a month; three of them were Hindus, but all contributed generously.

Other Indian co-workers in the Mission, of their own accord and without any pressure from missionaries, have contributed till, at last accounts, nearly six thousand rupees had been given toward the deficit on the field.

This loyalty and sacrificial spirit has brought all, American and Indian workers, together in a fellowship of spiritual oneness, and there has been no noticeable weakening in the work, no giving up of any vital task. The cut of course has had some effect on morale, and the process cannot be repeated without a sharp decline in quantity and quality of work.

A splendid illustration of Indian leadership and initiative is the voluntary relinquishment by Principal T. Buell of the Byculla High School in Bombay of his entire grant from the Mission. That large institution is now able to stand alone: a demonstration of the progress of the Christian community along financial lines.

A Certain Congregational Minister Says

"There has been a heavy cut in our church budget. They didn't think they could pay all that was due on benevolences at the end of the year. I simply refused to take a penny more on salary until they did. It all went in. I got them to cut my salary twice, but succeeded in keeping the benevolence budget the same as for last year. It takes a bit of courage sometimes to face these trustees and make them want to throw you out. I hope our preachers will have courage to stand by our world-wide work, our greatest glory and hope. . . . What days these are! I told my people I considered these next six months as important as any in the last one hundred years. There is a great chance for the Church, if she dares, if she has the leadership and prophetic insight. How can a man tell preachers what they should know today? I guess the only way is to let Jesus tell all of us."

Findings of the Seminar on the Gospel and International Life

By FRANK MILTON SHELDON

V. Our Missionary Program Today

"**W**HEREAS the foreign missionary is, in our judgment, the most reliable interpreter of one nation to another, and the foreign missionary movement is one of the chief agencies for promoting peace and good will among the nations, and—

"Whereas the Seminar on the Gospel and International Life has found that the American Board is effectively interpreting essential Christianity and is adapting methods of work to meet the constantly changing situation abroad and at home, and is generally recognized as in the forefront of modern missionary movements,

"Therefore, be it resolved, that we challenge our churches to sacrificial living to the end that our foreign missionary program may be more aggressively developed."

This resolution received wholly favorable discussion and was adopted, I think, unanimously. Times and conditions change most radically but the belief in Christian work around the world and in the American Board, our particular agency, abides and grows. There was no dodging. Suggestions, problems, all kinds of criticism were faced with utmost frankness, and answered as frankly by Dr. Goodsell, missionaries from the field, and native Christians from India and Japan.

The missionaries themselves, embodying Jesus Christ, his spirit, his way of life, are the chief contribution. Of course, our Gospel is good news to be lived, not just good advice to be spoken. The motive to missions can be nothing less than God's thought about his children and all life, and his unfailing love which seeks to bring himself and all good to his children.

Christian missions are not based on missionary Bible texts only. They are based in the very nature of Christianity itself, the source of speci-

fic texts. Losing every specific missionary text in the Bible would not destroy the motive or urge to missions for any who know the essential nature of our Christianity.

Christianity is God our Father sharing his life with his children. His love seeking all who are ignorant and astray, to bring them home into the family fellowship. Jesus embodied and lived this self-giving, sacrificial love life of God, sharing God's life and love with us. Its very nature is outgoing. To be Christian is to possess this life and love of God. Not to want others, around the world, to know it and share in it, is to convict ourselves of not knowing or possessing it ourselves.

Times of breakup and change within nations and around the world, are times of supreme opportunity for God and his kingdom, if he can find those who can adequately interpret him, in relation to various human needs and particularly the deepest needs. These days of opportunity are upon us. Question the need and opportunity for missions today? Those who do so must have scant appreciation of Christianity as bearing supreme good to man and of the desperate, gripping need of humanity.

The Seminar was earnestly asking what is lacking, what will help to clear the way for Christianity to bring its far-reaching healing help to the nations. Christianity has the international outlook; it believes in genuine world brotherhood; it goes deeper than all differences of nationality, color, race or custom; it makes all one in Christ under the common fatherhood of God.

It was splendid to see missionaries and secretaries ready to make any adjustment, accept any risk or danger, adopt any new attitudes or methods intended to give Christianity complete opportunity. Is it extraterritoriality, protection by

home government, giving up such externals as denominationalism, meeting other religions with open, sympathetic, humble eager minds, as ready to learn as to teach, mode of living or what not, our representatives in the Board and our representatives out on the firing line are ready for it.

As the discussion developed, many of us had deepened, what has long been a growing, conviction, that the chief problem of our work overseas is here at home. We have not had full courage to decide what is the function of Christian education and the church here at home, in relation to state, industry, race relations, nationalism and internationalism. We have had no certain testimony at home to the effect that we should educate people to criticize and constructively oppose our government, when wrong or unchristian, that Christian principles must apply in business and politics, that our godless racial discriminations must go, that we shall never again tolerate war, that we absolutely insist upon peaceful methods. Thus we have given our missions no clear guidance in these matters.

Too often our testimony has tended to discredit the Gospel our missionaries teach and live. We have done this as individuals and as a government. Christianity has not gripped us with the passion of Jesus and Paul. Therefore we have not put our own best selves or enough of our means into this greatest business. We don't believe in Christianity enough, so we don't mean business about it. We are hardly ready, with our Master, to sacrifice everything, that God and Jesus may be supreme realities, healing every kind of hurt in our distracted world. All Christianity needs is a living chance through our lives and it will win.

One wonders now, in depressed times, when many of us must work on reduced salaries, if we are going to say to our Board and to our missionaries, the cut shall come with us here at

home, not upon you and your work. Such a word, backed by the act, would put more courage into our leaders than anything we could do. It will be easy, under pressure, to ease ourselves by cutting down missionary gifts, and once more indicate how little spirit of sacrifice, how little real Christianity we possess. Now is the time to bear undisputable testimony as to how much Christianity means to us.

Our Board and our missionaries are ready and willing, open minded and devoted. Let's so back them as to give them courage to dare with Jesus all that he would dare for the peoples and the nations. We need more Gandhis, Schweitzers, Kagawas, who dare anything and sacrifice everything. These are times when the old adventure of apostolic days should claim us.

It is a great joy to know that we have an agency in the American Board, alert, alive, vital, vigorous, increasingly ready to find all new adjustments and ways which will advance the Kingdom, and to know that our missionaries are made of the right kind of stuff, capable and ready. It is painful to realize how far our life here at home has failed to back up their efforts.

Having said the above and meaning every word of it, I am wondering if both Board and missionaries might not be far more daring, endowed with far more of the spirit of power—which is the Spirit of God, of Christ, the Holy Spirit—if we ministers and lay people here at home had the courage and unselfishness, yes the insight and the sacrificial love, to dare more for God and Christ, cutting loose from the status quo, daring to be different, giving up our costless Christianity for what is more like Jesus.

This is the day of opportunity for Christianity and the Church. Let's bind ourselves together around the world in a fellowship of prayer, and a fellowship of adventure with our mighty Master.

"It seems to me positively ungrateful not to send some words of appreciative thanks for the MISSIONARY HERALD. The March issue is a rich treat, beginning with the cover illustration, and going on through all the fascinating pages of pictures and good news . . . it is a pleasure and inspiration to your readers."

From Mrs. Samuel Simpson, Tolland, Connecticut

BRIDGMAN MEMORIAL HOSPITAL JOHANNESBURG



SOME OF THE STAFF AND PATIENTS: MRS. BRIDGMAN AT THE EXTREME LEFT,
DR. JANET ROBINSON IN CENTER OF GROUP

Mrs. Frederick B. Bridgman will arrive in America in June, taking her furlough a year ahead of time for health reasons. She has labored endlessly in the interests of this hospital which she founded as a memorial to her husband who had spent his life in bettering the condition of Africans in Johannesburg. He founded the Social Center there a year before his death in 1925. The hospital was opened for occupa-

tion three years later. An interdenominational hospital, it has had endowment and equipment from European churches in South Africa as well as from churches and individuals in America, and Christian Africans have considered the enterprise peculiarly their own. It is for women and children only—an inestimable boon to African mothers.

Welcome home, Mrs. Bridgman!



REAR VIEW, BRIDGMAN MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, JOHANNESBURG, SOUTH AFRICA

Two Pioneers Retire



THE last week in January Dr. and Mrs. William Lamarcus Thompson of Mt. Silinda, South Africa, arrived in this country, this time with no expectation of returning to the field where they have served for forty years. Because the need for a physician was so great there, Dr. Thompson went back in 1926 when already at the age for retirement, planning to withdraw from the work in a year or two but make his home in one of the stations of the East Africa Mission.

It is really impossible for a *physician*, of all men, to retire from active service within the reach of his old patients and new ones, and the last five years have been strenuous ones. So that at last final farewells had to be said.

On the last Sunday in November the African people bid good-bye. There were addresses and the reading of letters of appreciation from groups and from individuals. Philip Dube spoke of the poor houses the missionaries had to live in when they first came; of their hunger: he said they came to suffer. In referring to the

medical work he made the remark, "When we came to the door Doctor never said it was too dark or too rainy to go out to a case. He never said 'I will come when it stops.'" "He went any place in the dark or the rain. He simply got his bag and went. . . . He used his own hands. He sawed planks himself to teach the people how to saw," added another.

The next afternoon the white settlers came in for their good-bye. *The Rhodesia Advertiser* described the gathering at some length. "Mr. W. N. Odendaal, a contemporary pioneer of the district, on behalf of the residents delivered an appropriate address describing the important part Dr. and Mrs. Thompson had played in the early days and ever since in the history and development of the district. At the conclusion Mr. Odendaal presented an address inscribed on vellum by Mr. Tawse Jollie, together with a cheque subscribed by residents from all parts of the district as a token of appreciation of the loyal service the recipients had rendered to the inhabitants, European as well as native, since the days before the district had a name . . . they were always ready to respond to any call for medical aid in any season of the year, and many of the present settlers owe their lives to the skilful attention and nursing which was so unselfishly given . . . The history of the Mt. Silinda Mission will reveal the valuable service rendered by Dr. Thompson through the experiments he carried out by the importation of great varieties of grain, vegetables, fruit and forest trees from all parts of the world. For instance, the Doctor imported the first Burbank wheat seed into this country, and there are few established farms in the district which have not been gratuitously supplied with seeds and plants by him."

A letter from Mr. James Ward, secretary of the Gazaland Farmers' Association, of which Dr. Thompson was a member—one of the original members—writes that "at our last meeting we nominated Dr. W. L. Thompson of the Mt. Silinda Mission to life membership of this Association, a distinction which he alone shares with

Dr. Wilder. [The nomination of Rev. George A. Wilder to life membership of this Association was recorded in our issue of July, 1931. ED.] I enclose a cutting from a local paper which gives but a feeble account of what the local residents think of Dr. and Mrs. Thompson. A cheque of £26.2.0 was presented to him and he promptly donated £25 of it to the European Hospital* at Mt. Silinda and with the balance proposes to purchase some small token in remembrance of the donors. On behalf of the members of this Association I take this opportunity of assuring your readers that we entertain the highest regard for the members of the American Board Mission working in this district, many of whom have played a very prominent

*This was the Mission Hospital. He decided to have one of the private rooms for white patients finished with the money since it had been given by the colonists.

part in the development of this district both spiritually and materially."

Dr. Thompson was one of the founders of the East Africa Mission. Soon after his arrival in Africa he and Rev. George A. Wilder and Rev. Fred R. Bunker were sent by the Zulu Mission into the highlands to explore with a view to permanent settlement. After a careful survey of the situation they chose a site for a station which was opened the following year, 1893. That same year Dr. Thompson and Miss Mary McCornack of the Zulu Mission were married.

Dr. Thompson's successor, Dr. Willis Hegler Willis, has followed his example in one important particular. Going out to Africa alone, he married on the field two years later. A picture of the newly wedded couple will be found in *Personalia*.

Suggestions for New Missionary Wives

By LYNDA GOODSSELL BLAKE

It's all in the family, anyway! The daughter of one contributor who writes of the old and the new city life in Turkey, the wife of another who describes contacts with rural Turkish home life, writes of American home life as it may be lived on any mission field.

I HAVE not been a missionary wife for a tremendously long time, myself, hence I cannot speak from extensive knowledge, but I proffer such suggestions as I have written down in my "book of experience."

First of all, for the sake of our husbands, children, and fellow-workers, we missionary wives need to know how to run a house. It almost goes without saying—yet how many of us are found lacking—that a very important factor in the management of a house is a knowledge of cooking. It brings variety to our table, economy to our budget, inspiration to the cook, and a deal of satisfaction to ourselves. If you don't know the intricacies of cooking before arriving on the field make it your business when you set up housekeeping to study a cookbook.

Also, with the help of an experienced missionary friend, study your market. Inexpensive substitutes for American products can usually be secured or discovered.

Good household planning also includes a problem which most of us do not meet in America, namely, the successful management of servants. Some wives learn this slowly, some not at all, and a few have a *flair* for it, but it takes intelligent and experimental patience. As you visit in the better homes of the country, observe the relation between mistress and servant. You will learn much that will help you in your relationship.

Keep accounts, not for the sake of haggling over a penny's worth, but for the sake of household efficiency. It is a pleasure to make as much



THE BLAKE FAMILY

of a science as possible out of housekeeping, to save time, money, and energy.

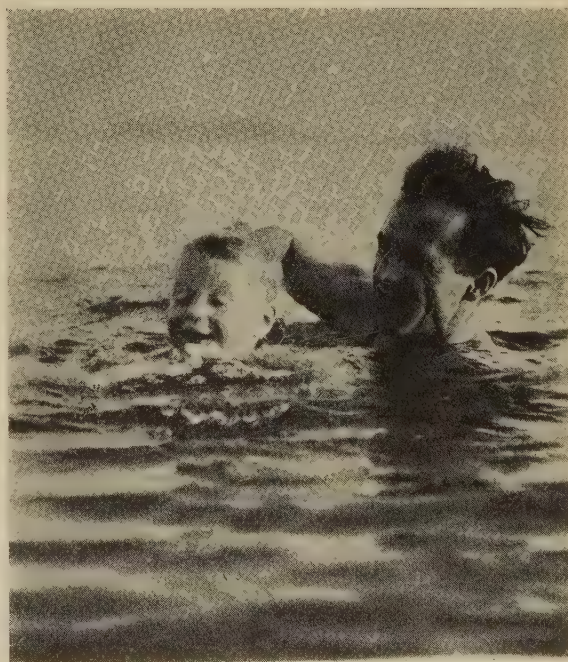
For some of us home duties are so absorbing, and home relationships so satisfying that we fail to expend enough thought and energy in our fellowship with the others of the missionary circle. Such fellowship may be very rich if, instead of limiting our discussion to children and servants we explore other realms of human interests.

And what of our relations with the people we come to work among. Frankly, I want to say from my own experience, and from what others tell me, it's not the busy vital relationship that most of us pictured or talked about in our pre-missionary days. Why? Not because there are not opportunities for such in every community, but because usually, and rightly so I feel, we wives, as mothers, are laying the foundations for our family life. I've resolved not to feel a bit regretful if, when we go on our first furlough, I won't have a great deal of missionary work to report. Last summer my husband went to a village to live with a missionary family that included three children in a village hut. He wrote

me that the healthy American youngsters were about the biggest drawing card. Children do help us give our message and we must not begrudge, or try to fill too full with outside activities, the time we should give to ministering to their needs. This adjustment comes to almost everyone of us. If we are alert chances will come for the use of our home without disturbance to our family life.

If it is at all possible, have a specialty: something you try to study up about the country in which you live. It gives you an intellectual interest—a thing which is too easily snuffed out—and helps to make you a much more interesting person. Incidentally, it pays to keep up with world events through magazines and newspapers.

And here comes a word to the wise. If you are in general work—this rarely applies to those who are in school work—where your husband may be at home quite a bit to receive callers, guard against breaking into his time with household cares. The temptation is ever present. The thoughts "It won't take but a minute," or, "Let Jimmy play in the study until I get this done," come frequently to mind. But it isn't fair. If



JOHNNY BLAKE, WHO CALLS HIMSELF "NON-NIE BEY," HAVING A SWIMMING LESSON

your husband were in business his time would be inviolable. Learn to depend on yourself as much as possible.

And lest I be accused of being merely a Martha, let me add that, though the "quiet times"

of former years are hard to fit into young children's schedules, we missionary wives and mothers learn to know the breadth and depth of God's Love in the daily round if we are ready to try to live an adventurous life of love.

A Hampton Graduate's Significant Work*—Simango's Mission

By WILLIAM H. SCOVILLE

IT was almost twilight when our party—three missionaries and I—reached the famous forest of Mount Silinda. . . .

When that part of the country was opened up the Mt. Silinda Mission received a grant from the government of about eight hundred acres of this piece of woodland, which is so dense that our road through it to the school was almost in darkness.

A tangled jungle of ferns, tropical plants, vines, and huge trees surrounded us on all sides—trees, some of them with hardly a limb for fifty or seventy-five feet, reached up to the matted ceiling of the forest one hundred and fifty feet above. . . .

In the rapidly changing dusk of the sudden tropical night we came out of the woods into the cleared land of the Mission Station and asked the way of the first person we met, a figure in white ducks standing there in darkness. After directing us to the Principal's house he then inquired if Mr. Scoville from Hampton Institute was in our party. And so I first met Mr. Simango after the many years since he had left America for his home in East Africa.

For Simango, who once had been a student at Mount Silinda, is now in charge of its mission at Gogoi, located deep in the jungle of Portuguese East Africa about forty miles east of Mount Silinda.

Mr. H. S. Keigwin, formerly a district commissioner of Southern Rhodesia and recently

*From *The Southern Workman*, January, 1932.
Published monthly by Hampton Institute.

director of education of Sierra Leone, had invited me to join him on a business trip by motor through Africa from Capetown to Cairo. We had bought a second-hand car at Port Elizabeth and had zigzagged across most of the Union of South Africa visiting not only missions, but all points of interest we could take in on the way.

At Bulawayo, in Southern Rhodesia, I had written the Mt. Silinda Mission asking them to try to get in touch with Simango. And there on the evening of the very day their messenger had reached him at Gogoi and brought him in to Mt. Silinda, we, after about eight hundred miles of African cross-country travel, had met Simango himself—the very first one to greet us at the Mission—surely a close connection after so many miles of African travel.

African missions are hospitality itself and it was not long before our party was distributed among the homes of the families at the school.

Simango and I, guests of Mr. Curtis,* talked by firelight and candlelight far into the night—about his work, his aims, his plans, and of Hampton, for in the old days, when amateurs taught Sunday school at Hampton, I once had a class of which Simango was quite the star pupil, and we had much to talk over.

His full name is Columbus Kamba Simango—Kamba meaning leopard; that animal is by native custom taboo and not to be eaten, and Simango earnestly hoped that all leopards would coöperate in observing the taboo.

He is a member of the Ndau tribe and was

*Samuel Curtis, principal of Mt. Silinda Institute.

born near the coast of the Indian Ocean in Portuguese East Africa near Beira, where he first went to school. When still a boy he tramped two hundred and fifty miles through the jungle to the Mt. Silinda Mission, where he remained for six years.

While there he came under the influence of Miss Winter, formerly at Hampton but then a teacher on the Mt. Silinda staff—later she died there of fever. After a year at Lovedale, Simango, in 1914, came to America and to Hampton Institute, where he graduated in 1919, a skilled cabinetmaker and with some training in teaching. He then got his degree at Columbia; after studying Portuguese in Lisbon, he joined the Mt. Silinda staff in 1926 and was sent out to the mission at Gogoi.

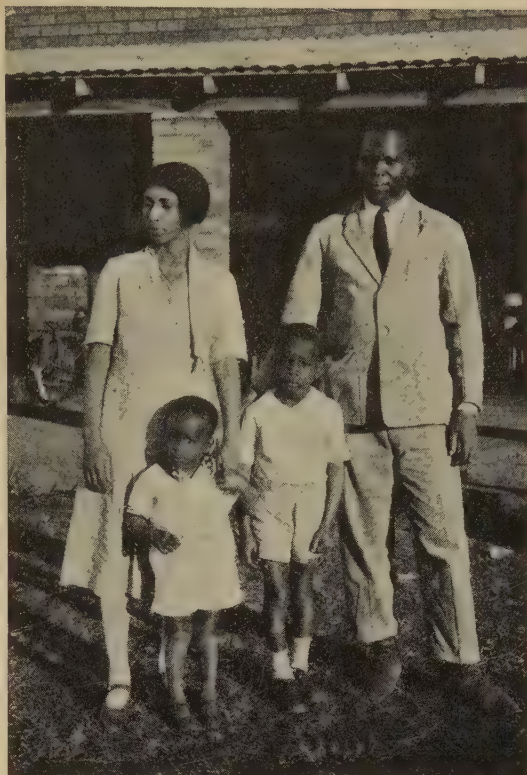
When fire and candles both went out at midnight we turned in, but we were up at six the next morning, when three of our party, with our host, Mr. Curtis, and Simango, started by motor for Gogoi.

The road had been cut out the previous year along the old foot path and was still exceedingly rough in places with steep pitches, hairpin turns, and many fords. The tropical grass, not our tender, succulent lawn variety, but grass thick-stemmed and tall, sometimes arched completely over the road, and the sharp prickly seeds—everything seems to prick in Africa—brushed off in passing, and showered us and the car, at times almost choking up the radiator.

Simango is a great hunter and has shot a dozen buffalo and two or three elephants. Every now and then he would point out the scene of some lively adventure, but never an animal did we see all day long.

His experiences with the buffalo have not been without danger, for this animal is clever, quick, and vicious; twice Simango was mauled by wounded buffalos, escaping only by a miracle both times.

The view down the valley—for we dropped from 4000 feet at Mt. Silinda to 2000 feet at Gogoi—was at times very beautiful, and the forest trees, especially the mahogany, were superb. Some of them have a spread of from two hundred and fifty to three hundred feet. The brown mahogany is found only in this for-



LATEST PICTURE OF THE SIMANGO FAMILY

est. Bloodwood, which is both a beautiful cabinet wood as well as excellent timber, is plentiful here.

A little before noon our road came out of the jungle onto the ridge and the cleared lands of Gogoi, and there we were welcomed by Mrs. Simango and one or two of the staff and were at once taken to see the school.

The chapel, recitation hall, and three boys' dormitories are located along the ridge to the right. Directly in front at the end of a long avenue bordered with mahogany trees are the old buildings of the mission, now used for the hospital and Mr. Simango's office. East of the avenue are the farm buildings, carpenter shop, and the farm for garden projects of the students with their patches of cassava, mealies (which really are the same as the white corn of our south), and all kinds of tropical fruit trees and vegetables.

The station had very fertile farm lands and plenty of timber, too, and the lumber shed of the carpenter shop is full of mahogany plank from twenty to forty inches wide. They are sawed by hand with the long rip saw, the log be-

ing placed over a saw pit—one man standing on top of the log and one holding the other end of the saw in the pit below. One twelve-foot board is considered a good day's work.

The carpenter shop has the all-pervading African corrugated iron roof, but all the other recent buildings are of mud brick, mud mortar construction with thatched roofs extending beyond the walls on all four sides, forming a comfortable porch. The boys and graduates have made the brick and built these buildings, about a dozen in all. Simango's house is on the ridge to the east with a splendid view overlooking the farm lands to the jungle and hills beyond. Back of it are the girls' quarters—for there are a few girls in the school under Mrs. Simango's care. . . .

In a most shady patch of low ground is the tile shed where an excellent clay tile is cast. It is modeled after the Mt. Silinda tile, which was perfected after twenty-five years of experiment and is very satisfactory and in great demand.

The one hundred and forty students, almost all boys, come in from the neighboring villages more or less lightly clad, always barefoot, but they soon gravitate to shirts and shorts, though no effort is made by Simango arbitrarily to insist upon this. The same is true of their beds. If they please, they may sleep on mats on the dirt floors just as they do in their own huts. But all boys of one class are together in their own dormitory and they soon see how the boys of higher classes live—mats being discarded for simple beds made by themselves in the carpenter shop, more care taken with clothing, cleanliness, personal habits; so all along the line Simango most wisely deals with the students not by arbitrary rules but by letting the boys learn for themselves by observing boys of higher classes and staff members. They are encouraged to use their own best native customs and habits, improving them by example rather than precept. It is not a superimposed European civilization forced upon them but a native living improved by observation and suggestion. This method is gradually more and more being adopted all over Africa in the native schools and missions, especially in English territory. At Gogoi they have to learn Portuguese, but the English do not

teach English in their native schools until the students have learned to think in their own language—in the "vernacular." For government official as well as mission teacher, especially in English Africa, is realizing more and more the value of native customs and traditions, and is trying to help the native to be educated and well grounded in these. . . .

The boys are also taught to make sun-dried mud brick and to build their own buildings, thatching them with grass. They are taught carpentry, and farming by the project plan—each student having his own plot. Simango has taught them to make excellent chairs and simple furniture, all of mahogany. In fact, most of the building material is of that wood and it seemed strange to see window frames, rafters, and even the porch floor boards made of mahogany.

Finally, as in all missions, the students are taught the Bible, the primary object being to train them to be pastors and teachers among their own people.

It is an excellent work and Mr. Simango is thoroughly absorbed in and devoted to it. Besides the help his friends have already given him, his greatest need is some sort of an automobile. For transportation difficulties across forty miles of jungle are great and expensive, and almost any kind of strong car, even second hand, would be most acceptable.

Simango is most ably assisted by his wife, both at home and in the school life. After an excellent lunch with them in their home we returned to Mt. Silinda. That evening we met the staff at their regular weekly meeting when many questions were asked about Hampton. All missions are interested to hear about Hampton Institute.

The next day we inspected Mt. Silinda, which is under the American Board and is one of the best schools for natives in Africa. Under an exceedingly capable staff it has an excellent plant, including a well-kept farm, school buildings in good repair, saw mill, carpenter shop, tannery, brick and tile kiln, even water works and a Delco electric light plant. The student body seems intelligent, happy, and well cared for. Altogether it is a model mission; nowhere in Africa were we more hospitably received.

This Is Station A B C F M

DOROTHY P. CUSHING ANNOUNCING

Mosque Broadcasts Turkish Service

For the first time in history, Friday, January 22 witnessed the reading of the Koran in the Turkish language in a mosque at Istanbul. Always this has been done in the sacred Arabic tongue. Crowds filled the Mosque, and hundreds crowded about the doors. The women, says a Turkish daily, came in large numbers and refused to separate. "We have been living for this day," they said. "Today we are to hear the Koran in Turkish. We will get in somehow or else we will listen through the windows." When Hafiz Yasha, who was to conduct the service, arrived, the women cried, "Read it out here, Effendim; aren't we human beings too? And we are more than the ones inside." As the reader began with the Arabic text his hearers were motionless, but when the Turkish tongue was used they could not control themselves, but broke into ecstatic exclamations. Rev. Charles T. Riggs states that the Night of Power service in the Mosque of St. Sofia was attended by an unprecedented crowd of at least 10,000 persons, with several thousand others outside for lack of room. This service was broadcast from the Mosque to all parts of Turkey—the first time in the history of Islam—and flashlight pictures were taken of the worshippers.

Poppies and Politics

Rural China has suffered severely from political and military disturbances, from bandits, and from local official inefficiency. Now comes word of an uprising against the Navy of peasant farmers near Diongloh. The Navy had been taxing them for irrigation works about which they had nothing to say. Then the farmers were forced to buy opium seed, plant it, pay a tax for it, and then when it had reached a stage where it was beginning to have some value, they were fined for planting it and required to pull it up. The farmers took the town from the Navy and held it for some time. They forced the mer-

chants at the point of guns to give them money, food and bedding. The Christians of the town refused to be stampeded, and Miss Laura D. Ward reports that the Church was full for their Christmas service, and the Boarding School kept open until the New Year holiday.

There Was a Certain Man

What Miss Ella C. Hoxie of Sholapur, India, calls "a long line of miracles" has been taking place there. Folks who for years have held petty grudges against each other are now friends. Factions that have taxed human ingenuity to the limit—barriers that have made faith grow dim, have been swept away, and harmony of spirit reigns. Why? First, because a faithful Indian pastor has stayed with his people, father confessor to hundreds, often weary with the weight of misunderstandings and hateful actions, but never losing the hope that God would ultimately straighten out the tangle. And secondly, because there came to hold a few meetings with this pastor an Indian Christian lawyer from Ahmednagar. For fourteen years this lawyer had led a bitter fight in the Ahmednagar church against other members and against the missionaries. Then one day he suddenly saw a Greater Light. He rose to his feet in a meeting and admitted his meannesses. The people were silent with amazement. Surely a miracle! This man is now a leader of the entire church. After he and the Sholapur pastor had closed their services and personal conferences, Miss Hoxie reported: "There are not any two people who are bearing grudges against each other." "The long line of miracles" had begun, and the pastor's radiant face is, as Miss Hoxie expresses it, "a reflection of his answer to the prayers of weary months. It may comfort you to know," she concludes, "that the age of miracles is not ended, that still men walk and do not faint, that some still believe 'to the saving of the soul' and that beyond men's faith, He is able."

Television Section

Station ABCFM



"Turn, and Become a New Man," says the poster which is attracting so much attention in a street of Diongloh, Fukien, China. A Chinese Christian pastor is pointing out the meaning of the figures. Note that the rough tiled roof is held down with rocks and bricks. This is because Diongloh is in the typhoon area. In the foreground of the picture is a man with scales over his shoulders. Each village, says Rev. Arthur O. Rinden, of Diongloh, who snapped the pictures, has its own weights and traveling workmen make scales to order. Note also that the boy in the lower right hand corner has a queue wound around his head!

Just Sheer Joy of Living: and being pupils at the Goodrich Girls' School, Tunghsien, North China, is the title of this delightful picture taken by Miss Alice M. Huggins, back at her task after furlough. If you can look more than a split second at these faces, especially the one in the middle of the group, and not at least grin—*see your doctor at once!*





Just a Little Bashful—
Zulu mother and child at
Inanda, South Africa.



**"And Now What Do You
Know about That!"—**
daughter of Zulu pastor in
Inanda.



**Getting Down, or Up, to
Principals—Miss Margaret
E. Walbridge of Inanda
Seminary and Rev. John
Dube of Ohlange Institute.**

What of the Night—

Christian friends in the
church at Tientsin, China,
taken before the Shanghai
tragedy.



**Left: Li Ch'ing-an and
family. Mr. Li worked
at the American Consul-
ate. Right: Ma Jun
Hsuan and family. Mr.
Ma is a teacher in the
Chiu Chen School.**



**Left: That Rhodesian
Smile—Henry Nathan
Orner, son of missionary
Arthur J. Orner, of Mt.
Silinda, East Africa,
challenges the blues!**

**Right: Democratic
Tendencies? — Robert
and little Paul Reynolds,
sons of Rev. and Mrs.
Paul R. Reynolds, of
Fenchow, North China,
ride a miniature edition
of the Democratic mascot.**



"God Had Stepped In"

In Africa if the first baby dies the woman is always blamed—that is, among the non-Christians. One mother, reports Rev. Richard S. Webb of Dondi, West Africa, became a Christian and then decided to visit her home which was in a heathen village. On the way her baby fell ill and died soon after her arrival. Family and friends reproached her, saying that it was a punishment by the evil spirits for accepting Christianity. But this lone mother, grief-stricken, surrounded by heathen customs and the pressure of relatives and friends, insisted upon a Christian burial for her baby. Some of the men consented to dig a grave and carry the small body to its resting place. The mother, being the only Christian, led her own little service. "It was not I that did it," she said later. "It was not I that spoke and sang. I seemed to have left my body. God had stepped in and taken possession of me." But the hardest test was to return childless to her heathen husband, from whom she expected the utmost condemnation and abuse. But strangely, half way to her home she met him and found him sympathetic. "God had prepared his heart," she declared.

Like Hymns the Best

Kodama San in the Glory Kindergarten in Kobe is so successful in her work with the children that they actually prefer a religious service to any other. Mrs. Catherine Akana, head of the school, declares that the kindergartners are always choosing hymns to sing when occasionally the teacher would prefer a secular song! For a time the children were forbidden to choose hymns after nine in the morning in order to keep them for the prayer hour, but this did not last very long for, as Mrs. Akana expresses it, "who are we to refuse to let little Honorable Flower sing 'Jesus Loves Me' at ten instead of nine if she wants to?" So now the children sing hymns when they desire, and if the teachers want a jolly little "worldly" tune they have to choose it themselves.

All Equal Before God

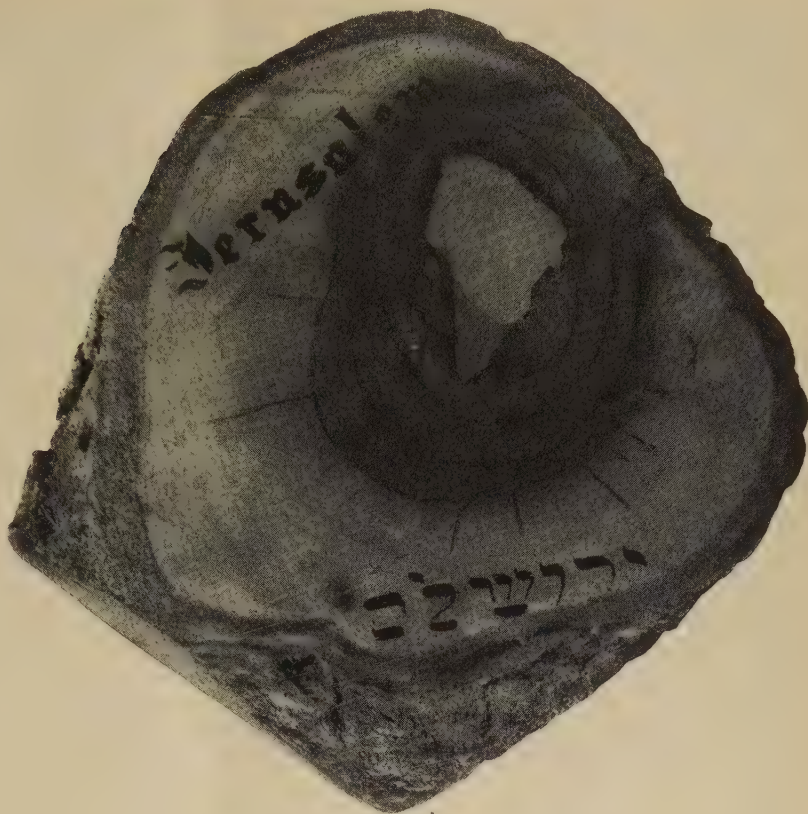
When the new Spanish Republic was established one of the determined policies of the Constitution was the complete separation of church and state, and a detail of this was the secularization of cemeteries. Rev. Wayne H. Bowers writes that formal delegates of the city governments in Barcelona and Seville, as well as several other important Spanish cities, proceeded to the cemeteries, and after orations by prominent men in the government, who explained the significance of the act which was to take place, signalled workmen with picks and shovels to tear down the high walls dividing the Catholic portion of the cemetery from the civil and Protestant portion. "The addresses referred to the foolishness of trying to make a separation in death, to the fact that by tearing down these walls nobody wished to offend, but merely to stress the equality of all before God, and also referred to the deepened impression which this act made upon those taking part," adds Mr. Bowers. "One high official in Barcelona said that in taking part in such an act he had the feeling of performing one of the most important public deeds of his long political career."

Smiles Instead of Stones

Clean faces, clean hands, clean tongues, no fighting and no smoking are the rules that govern admission to the playground in Adana, Turkey, presided over by Miss Lillian C. Brauer and Ezra P. Young. Ten years ago when Miss Brauer first started work the children played in the streets, fighting and learning filthy language. Whenever the Americans came in view they were very likely to be targets for stones and other missiles. When the playground was started by Miss Brauer, the first one in Turkey, the children's attitude changed miraculously. Instead of stones, smiles and gay greetings were given. The children realized that they were friends. Mr. Young is kept humping by the daily attendance of some 150 boys at the playground. One lad who wished to stop smoking said that whenever he felt like a smoke he hurried to the playground, where he was not allowed to indulge.

"Into the woods my Master
 went,
 Clean forspent, forspent.
 Into the woods my Master
 came,
 Forspent with love and shame.
 But the olives they were not
 blind to Him,
 The little gray leaves were
 kind to Him:
 The thorn-tree had a mind to
 Him
 When into the woods He
 came."

Sidney Lanier.



CROSS SECTION OF A SACRED TREE IN PALESTINE

The Bookshelf

Japan

Japan: An Economic and Financial Appraisal by Harold G. Moulton with the collaboration of Junichi Ko (The Brookings Institution, Washington, D. C., \$4.00). The president of a well financed, highly specialized "scientific research agency" placed at the disposal of any nation desirous of its assistance, together with the chief of the Department of Economic Research of the Bank of Japan, has produced a book of great interest to the student of social science—and to the average man as well who wants to understand the Japan of today.

The study was first suggested by the late Junnosuke Inouye of the Bank of Japan and Secretary of Finance of the Japanese Cabinet, when he was president of the Institute of Pacific Relations, nearly four years ago.

Parts I and II give a systematic and authoritative statistical record of Japan's economic evolution during the past sixty years. Then come both an analysis and an interpretation of the economic and social developments following this introduction of Western industrialism, and finally a sound discussion of Japan's present-day problems and policies. The "Summary" suggests some "principal conclusions as to the policies that should be pursued"—such as, the maintenance of financial stability, a general reduction in money rates, the development of a nationwide system of good roads, and the expansion of manufactured exports to the two important trade areas of Continental Asia and North America. Always, however, must there be maintained a proper balance between Japan's population and her economic resources.

The book came out in 1931 before Japan took control of Manchuria and its vast resources, and of course before the Shanghai invasion. It unconsciously throws a flood of light, however, upon the reasons behind Japan's recent exhibitions of national frenzy as well as upon the remarkable solidarity of her people under a highly centralized, paternalistic rule.

New Life through God by Toyohiko Kagawa (Fleming H. Revell Company, \$1.50). Can any good thing come out of Japan? Read this book for an answer. Learn from a mind that knows man and his needs, expose yourself to a heart on fire with Christ's passion, catch the spirit of a real missionary to humanity everywhere. Here is an apostle, as Professor Saunders of Berkeley points out, who is both "great in his humility and very practical in his mysticism." We cannot come in contact with this simple, earnest Japanese without acknowledging the moral leadership of a genuine disciple of Jesus.

The book is having a tremendous sale in Japan. It is a collection of addresses taken down by friends as Kagawa delivered them in his great mass meetings, and translated by a sympathetic friend, Elizabeth Kilburn of Sendai.

The subjects treated are of especial interest to us, if for no other reason than that they reveal the lines along which Kagawa is thinking and preaching to his countrymen: *New Life through God*, *God and the World of Suffering*, *God and Christ*, *God and the Cross*, *God and the Bible*, *God and the Conscience*, *God and Daily Living*, *God and the New Social Order*.

The Prayers of Kagawa offered at the close of each address are most revealing. In Professor Saunders' Introduction, a valuable account of Kagawa's life is given. The sermons abound in quotable sentences. Note these:

"Pain is God's most precious gift."

"The instant a martyr is nailed to the cross, he is filled with thanksgiving and praise."

"Religion heals moral suffering."

"In soul-power alone is eternal potentiality."

"Because of the lack of soul-force we have become servants to the machine."

"Reading the Bible is greater than conquering a territory."

"Prayer is taking nourishment from the God of heaven."

"Prayer is like nursing the baby: it must be done over and over."

"It is a mistake to think that although God is present in church, He is not present when we are making bean-mash."

"There is no Godless history."

"If you are ready to die for it, anything becomes easy."

Reviews by Hugh Vernon White

The Dilemma of Religious Knowledge, by Charles A. Bennett (Yale University Press, \$2.00). This little book containing the Lowell Lectures delivered by Professor Bennett in King's Chapel, Boston, in 1930, might be called "A Preface to Theology." The first step toward the solution of any problem is the clear understanding and statement of the problem. By making such a statement of the problem of religious thought Professor Bennett has taken that first step toward its solution.

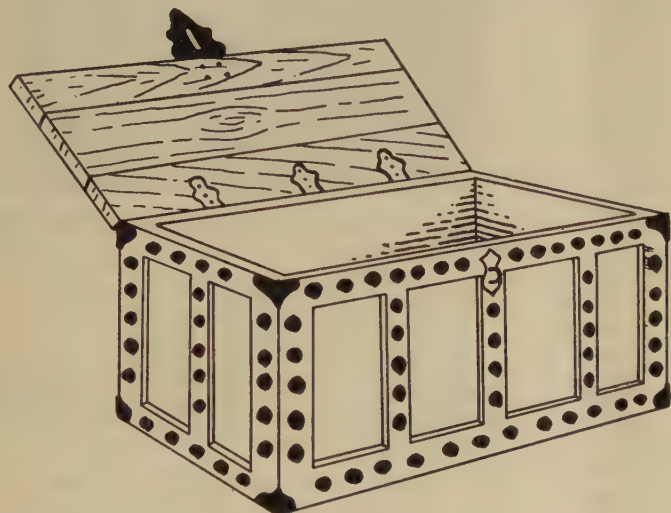
The "dilemma" confronting such an undertaking is stated thus: "Religion professes to apprehend the supernatural, yet can give no finally valid account of it; claims to possess truth, but in the next breath declares its truth to be inexpressible. . . . The question becomes urgent: Is religion a source of cognitive insight?"

In the most clarifying analysis of the belief in immortality that I have seen this general dilemma is exhibited in a special case. From the standpoint of an intelligent faith, "To be certain that there is immortality, yet not to know *what* one is certain of hardly bespeaks a robust faith."

It is evident that Professor Bennett believes deeply in the reality of the Object of religious faith. He takes up one by one the attempts that have been made to explain religion upon some other basis: (1) the theories of Feuerbach, Sabatier and Santayana, which make the objects of religious belief merely symbols of the believer's experience; (2) Durkheim's "social theory" which makes God the personification of society;

Bulletin No. 2

The Missionary Herald Subscription Chest



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and (3) the modern psychologizing of religion by which the spiritual reality is resolved into a rather dubious sub-conscious. By trenchant criticism each one of these theories is shown to be inadequate and contradictory. If they are true, then as soon as any honest mind knows it, religion dies. The conclusion is that religion rests upon man's relation to a supernatural Being and that it must find for its rational support an adequate philosophy of religion that frankly includes metaphysics.

From Confusion to Certainty, by Boynton Merrill (Pilgrim Press, \$1.00). A fine example of the way in which pastors are interpreting in the light of present-day thought and with the background of religious experience the realities of religion. Dr. Merrill finds a place in modern life for moral authority, the authority of the moral law interpreted by a good conscience. He claims the service of reason in the continuous interpretation and reinterpretation of religion; and boldly asserts the unique, creative power of faith in the religious life. Nor are faith and reason contrasted. "Reason and faith, clear thinking and bold trusting, are not contradictory but complementary." "Now where reason is cautious and careful and hesitant, intuition or faith is bold and courageous and eager; indeed, one man has defined faith as 'reason grown courageous.'"

This is the kind of preaching that will help modern men and women to a bold reliance upon religious faith, and a courageous living of the Christian life.

Recent Publications of the Boards

American Missionary Association

Eighty-fifth Annual Report. 86 pages.

Who's Who. A Directory of Workers.

Budget and Summary, 1931-32. 6 pages.

Education Society

A Page from History. By Harry Thomas Stock. Four pages on Prohibition.

Board of Ministerial Relief

For all Thy Saints in Warfare, For all Thy Saints in Rest. Eight-page folder.

Commission on Missions

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The Missouri Congregational Woman's Missionary Society

is one of the state organizations which has kept its identity as a distinct group, assuming a definite share of the state's budget, and yet co-operating in every state undertaking. Its annual meeting was held the second week in February at Springfield. Reports from Association and Department secretaries reflected a continuing loyalty to all the missionary projects of the society. The receipts on budgeted apportionment totalled \$19,174, this being in excess of the amount accepted by the societies at the beginning of the year, but falling somewhat short of the Aim as a state, due to lack of Individual Gifts. The total giving for the year was \$24,978.

Bantu Boys and Boy Scouts

"Some of us feel that Bantu and other non-European boys should be given full status as Boy Scouts," writes Rev. Ray Phillips of Johannesburg. "A dozen years of Pathfinder work has demonstrated that Bantu boys make good scouts. They are today passing the same tests, subscribing to the same oath and law. But they are forbidden the name 'Boy Scout,' the uniform and badges. The writer, especially, has become a pain in the side of the white Boy Scout authorities through his insistence on Boy Scout status for Native boys. A conference of missionaries and others interested in Bantu boys will be held in Bloemfontein to unite the forces fighting for Bantu boys' rights. Then the Boy Scout authorities will bend or we will appeal to the World Boy Scout Council. If unsuccessful in gaining recognition here, we will probably break with the Scout Movement entirely. A permanent country-wide color-bar in the Boy Scout Movement is a cancer that must be cut out, or it will accomplish the ruin of the Movement it feeds upon."



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planning, and sacrificial giving, the women voted to keep their Aim at its present figure.

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While many of the churches are facing the need of retrenchment in their local budgets, it seemed to be the determination of consecrated faith that the royal banner on the far-flung battle line "must not, must not suffer loss."



Our Stamp Corner

A FRIEND writing from Mexico says, "Stamps seem to be one stable element in our situation." The two in our cut this month are most interesting. The eight-centavo issued in 1926 has the picture of Benito Juárez, a full-blooded Indian, Mexico's greatest president. He headed the liberal movement in the middle of the nineteenth century, and was a contemporary and friend of Lincoln. Their air-mail stamp issued in 1929, has at the left an eagle sitting on a cactus devouring a serpent—the old Aztec emblem, now used on the Mexican flag. At the right is a plane flying over the mountains, Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl, whose snow-capped peaks over 17,000 feet high are seen from Mexico City. The three-centavo stamp of the 1923 issue, now in common use, has a most interesting picture. It is a picture of the "Pyramid of the Sun," constructed by the Indians about 2000 years ago. The base is larger than that of the Great Pyramid of Egypt, and it is 200 feet high. It is solid throughout and was used for sacrifice and worship. This statue is near Mexico City. And so do stamps speak to us of wonders and heroes of the world.

Mexican Stamp Information furnished by Clarence A. Neff.



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A valuable feature of this book is its careful and comprehensive bibliography of source materials.

Kirby Page calls "Educating for Peace" "Stimulating, concrete, excellent."

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THE INTERNATIONAL REVIEW OF MISSIONS

The International Review of Missions during 1932 will contain a comprehensive review of the last ten years with special reference to the work of the Protestant Church. The survey began in the January issue with the situation in Japan, China, and India. The April issue surveys Southeast Asia, Central Asia, the

Near East, and Africa. The July issue will cover Latin America, the Pacific Islands, work among the Jews, the home base, and a short survey of the work of the Roman Catholic Church. This survey will cover the political, international, economic, social, moral, religious, educational, medical, and rural developments in these countries, and show the Christian work, its weaknesses, problems, and advance in relation to the background of national life.

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This, That and the Other

"Please Notify the Universe

through the *HERALD* that we need a good piano in the girls' dormitory at Dansalan. We have nothing to make music but a little old repaired organ. But the girls are eager to learn music. As people leave their larger homes and move into apartments and substitute radios for pianos, what are they doing with their pianos? If somebody wants to make good use of his piano, here is how. We would pay the freight—gladly. Tell the human race *that*."

Thus, Rev. Frank Laubach of Dansalan, Lanao, Philippine Islands.

Radio, Africa, and Boston

Rev. Richard Slade Webb of Dondi, West Africa, heard the Harvard-Yale game last November, play for play, over Mr. Dart's radio, but between eight and ten o'clock in the evening. "The announcing was from Boston. Although I was much taken up with the game, yet my thoughts were often with Park Street Church, which is supporting us. We certainly would like to hear our pastor, Dr. A. Z. Conrad, over the radio. The radio made us feel very close to our friends in Boston that night, but how much more wonderful is our Blessed Saviour, who draws us much closer together every night, when we meet each other at the throne of grace."

The brick work for the new school is to go in this month, April. Mr. Webb had made all the bricks and had them in readiness for some time, but no building could be done during the rains, so men who had come to him for work in the fall

had to be turned away for the time being. The foundations have been dug, however. The school-house is very much needed.

"The work is growing just fine; we all are thankful to our Master for what has been accomplished in His name and through the working of the Holy Spirit in the lives of His people. Yet, with all the great results of fifty years' work in Angola, the possibilities have hardly been touched. Our hands are tied for lack of recruits in every line: nurses, doctors, preachers, and teachers."

Sprouts of Leadership

growing to meet the changing conditions in India are what Rachel Barnes sees: "One woman doing voluntary work among the poor; another starting a Dorcas Society to sew for Christmas distribution; a teacher going to the hospital with his children to take flowers to the patients; girls going to college and coming back to take responsible positions, inspiring others to try for higher education; someone visiting the outcastes every week; a church taking the responsibility of another very poor district and running its own social work; Hindu women coming out of their shells to share with their less fortunate sisters their knowledge of sewing, nursing, English, music. Little things, perhaps, but the world is made up of little things. Loyalty, sacrifice, the spirit of Christ, love of the great brotherhood, these are made up of little things. India knows how to sacrifice and 'she strives to win.'"

Agnus Dei

"I smell the buds of April
Above the scourging rain;
I see the bow of promise
Across the stricken plain;
I feel the resurrection
Beyond the millions slain;
And from the twisted world-womb,
All travail-rent with pain,
I see a lamb a-borning,
Peaceful and free of stain."

Foochow Community House Too Small

for all that is demanded of it, write Mr. and Mrs. George Newell. "We need a kitchen with a stove to heat the water for the baby bathing, and tables to put the little tubs on. In the winter it is too cold for these people to bathe in their own homes, which are poorly built with many cracks where the wind can get in, and with only one stove, for cooking, most inadequate for heating a room. We need a larger room for the knitting and sewing classes. The dispensary is often full of waiting schoolboys and the women do not feel free to wait there.

"We did not dare think of an addition for some time, but we found that exchange had been good all the year, and you friends have remembered us so faithfully, and a Chinese friend gave us three hundred dollars for the work, so that we have two thousand dollars local currency [\$500 in U. S. money] to put into an addition. That will mean a kitchen with a Chinese stove, a sewing room, and a waiting room."

Costly Ignorance!

"They won't give me money for a new slate at home," said a little girl in one of the Industrial Settlement Schools in Sholapur. She had only a scrap of slate left.

"Why not?" asked Miss Ella Hoxie.

"Because we are so deep in debt, we haven't enough to fill our stomachs, and they won't give me anything for books—but of course they *can't*."

"How much do you pay the money lenders every month?"

"Oh, ten rupees to them, and we have five to fill our stomachs with. My father gets eleven or twelve rupees a month—sometimes fifteen—so you see why I can't buy a slate."

"There are five or six persons in her house," adds Miss Hoxie; "salary \$5 a month, two-thirds of which goes to the money lenders, who charge 200 per cent interest; and the pathetic thing about all this is, that the monthly amount goes for interest only and they never get to the principal! They never know on what date they have borrowed the money and don't know how much remains to be paid. It is one of the greatest curses among these people, and I can't see a way to help very materially, except by the slow process of educating the younger generation concerning government rates of interest, the way to compute interest, the necessity of taking receipts, the need of avoiding huge expense at times of weddings, etc."

The Individual Farming Project

is a new feature of the Thessalonica Agricultural and Industrial Institute of Saloniki, an institute for many years under the American Board, now with its own board of trustees, with Charles L. House, son of the co-founder with Rev. E. B. Haskell, Dr. John Henry

House, as director. Mrs. Charles House describes the new feature:

"One of last year's graduates has been allotted ten acres of land, which is the average size of the farms in that country. He will have no facilities which would not be available to him in his village, except that his living expenses are being met. His trees, plants, and equipment are inventoried and anything advanced is charged against him. At the close of the year the inventory of his products and farm will determine the profit or loss. He will plan his work, subject to our approval as an interested neighbor. This is probably one of the most important steps that the school has taken in regard to its general policy. We hope, as we are able to get the land, to have about ten such farms to be used by graduates in their attempt to coördinate their school farm experience with the actual management of a farm." One of the graduates of last June was a grandson of Dr. House from Vermont, now studying in America.

Mrs. Mary K. Edwards' Pupil

Not long ago Miss Adora Woods of Inanda Seminary, after a visit to the Sunday school at Umtshazi, went to see there Nomasonte whom Mrs. Mary Edwards had in the nineties taken into Inanda because of her great desire to learn and her evident ability. After passing the equivalent of the sixth grade she had to return home. Near her was a schoolhouse, closed and empty on account of a series of poor teachers. Nomasonta had been lame from infancy, having no use whatever of her limbs from the knees down. But she opened that school with three pupils, the children taking her to and from school in a wheelbarrow. In a few years she had an enrollment of thirty and an assistant "until finally the government came to the aid of the school and she was released from her work.

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This year there are sixty children attending.

"So I went to see Nomasonto," continues Miss Wood. "She was sitting under a tree with her useless feet drawn up under her. My Zulu is poor and she has forgotten any English she may have known, but just to sit there and listen to her low musical voice telling about things that happened long ago was both a pleasure and a privilege. Her mind is keen although she has forgotten just how many years it has been since she went to school at Inanda. She talked a great deal about 'our Mother at Inanda' and I was reminded of what an old man had told me some time ago. He said, 'You missionaries come out here and we just get to know you, and then you go back to America and we never see you again. But Mother Edwards we have with us always.'

"Finally it was time to go. We shook hands all around and Nomasonto sent greetings by name to all whom she could remember at the Seminary and in America, and then added this, 'And greet also all those whose names I cannot remember,

but that remember me.' Thus I send her greetings on."

Personalia

DR. WILLIAM W. PEET is president of a Near East Fellowship formed by those in Claremont, California, who have lived in or visited the Near East. At a recent meeting the Fellowship presented a memorial to Mrs. Thomas D. Christie written and signed by Mrs. Etta D. Marden, which was sent out to interested friends.

REV. R. C. P. WELCH has been elected president of the Council of Churches in Ceylon in place of Rev. J. K. Sinnatamby who died in July. He is pastor of the church at Manepay. REV. G. D. THOMAS has been called to Uduvil, under the auspices of the Council of the Men's Vernacular Training School, located this year at Tellipallai, started in September. It had been a union school, but the C.M.S. and Wesleyans have withdrawn.

MRS. ROBERT E. CHANDLER attends to the administration and per-



DR. AND MRS. W. H. WILLIS

sonnel work of the Hsiku Women's Industry in Tientsin China, and Mrs. ARTHUR G. ROBINSON is business manager. In this, 170 women, self-respecting, contented and courageous, make their living; there is an annual output of \$30,000 worth of goods.

MISS FRANCES PARMELEE of Japan is feeling deeply the loss of her "grandchild" with whom she had posed for the picture appearing in our March *Personalia*. News of the baby's death has just reached us.

MISS JEAN D. CHRISTIE, daughter of Mrs. Christie, has, jointly with the Near East Fellowship, prepared a very dainty booklet of sixteen narrow pages, "In Memoriam Carmelite Brewer Christie." It contains a charming picture of her, a brief account of her life and work, from which we do not quote as we printed a biographical sketch in the December *HERALD*, the order of the memorial exercises, and the addresses by Rev. John C. Martin, Rev. Samuel Rejebian, and Rev. J. H. Hutchins. On the last page are a few of the tributes from friends. One from Miss Ellen Blakely, a former associate, strikes the keynote of all: "Such wholehearted giving of self is rarely found. What precious memories we have of her friendliness and utter self-forgetfulness."



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REV. CHARLES WARREN of Miyazaki, Japan, has been made by the united Christian forces there head for the prefecture of the Kingdom of God Campaign, the great union evangelistic movement started by Kagawa, and also head of the Campaign for the Abolition of the Licensed System. The latter campaign was the first ever attempted in the prefecture. Mr. Warren had to act as secretary also. Printed matter and 11,000 petition blanks were sent out: the matter was brought before the people in an effective way. Mrs. Warren is president of the local W. C. T. U., one of the two organizations which unite in this campaign.

REV. AND MRS. HENRY A. NEIPP, transferred to Bailundo on their return from furlough, for the purpose of enabling the Hastings to take their furlough, were most warmly welcomed there. Because the Neipps had been in Bailundo for a year twenty-eight years ago, the Africans made a very strong claim on them, "entirely forgetting that we have a crowd of equally dear children at Ochileso." The church had a service of welcome for them and the following Sunday a service of farewell to Mr. and Mrs. Hastings. Shortly after, a great conference with native leaders, evangelists, and school teachers took place. The Neipps were struck with the "vast extent" of their parish and

the church with over 4,000 members. Their relations with government officials and white residents has been very cordial; hardly a day passes when visitors from the white settlement do not come to the Mission and marvel to see the great work being done.

The Chronicle

APPOINTMENTS

January 26. Mr. and Mrs. Mark H. Wheeler of Eugene, Oregon, to the North China Mission.

January 26. Mr. Herbert Porter French of Bowling Green, Missouri, for a three-year term as teacher in the American School for Boys, Talas, Near East Mission.

February 9. Miss Gladys Emily Lucas of Essex, England, as a teacher in Constantinople, Near East Mission.

February 9. Miss Helen R. Haight of Canton, Pennsylvania, as a nurse in the Talas Hospital, Near East Mission.

February 9. Miss Florence Avanelle Floyd of Alhambra, California, as a religious and social worker in the Foochow Mission.

COMMISSIONING

February 21. In the Mission Hills Congregational Church, San Diego, California, Mr. and Mrs. Mark H. Wheeler, North China Mission. Address (including welcome to the field), Dr. Lucius C. Porter of Yenching University; Presentation of Commissions, Mrs. Franklin Warner, vice-president of the American Board; Godspeed, Mr. David W. Schick; Prayer of Consecration, Mr. Goldsmith, the minister.

FURLOUGHS AUTHORIZED

January 26. Miss Jean P. Gordon, Rev. and Mrs. Joseph L. Moulton, Rev. and Mrs. Winfield Q. Swart, of the Marathi Mission, beginning in the spring of 1932.

January 26. Mr. and Mrs. John A. Reuling of the South Africa Mission, beginning in summer, 1932.

January 26. Mrs. Clara D. Bridgman of the South Africa Mission, immediately for health reasons.

February 9. Mrs. Lillian C. Sewny of the Near East Mission, beginning in the spring of 1932, for six months.

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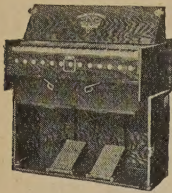
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February 23. Miss Florence L. Fox of the Philippines Mission, beginning in the spring of 1932.

February 23. Dr. E. L. Bliss of the Shaowu Mission, beginning in the summer of 1932, with the expectation of retirement, unless conditions make residence at Shaowu advisable.

SAILINGS FOR THE FIELD

February 20. From Seattle, Miss Valley Nelson, returning to the North China Mission.

March 5. From Seattle, Miss Hazel F. Bailey, returning to the North China Mission.

March 6. From Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. Mark H. Wheeler, joining the North China Mission.

ARRIVALS ON THE FIELD

December 13. At Durban, South Africa, Rev. and Mrs. Ralph L. Abraham, returning to the Mission.

December 23. At Davao, Rev. and Mrs. Walter C. Tong, joining the Philippines Mission.

December 29. At Lobito, West Africa, Rev. and Mrs. Henry C. McDowell, returning to Galangue, West Central Africa Mission.

January 4. At Lobito, West Africa, Mrs. William C. Bell, Rev. and Mrs. Gladwyn M. Childs, going to Sachelakela; Miss Emma C. Redick, going to Bailundo.

January 23. At Tokyo, Japan, Miss Marion E. Kane, under appointment to the Japan Mission.

BIRTHS

December 25. At Fenchow, North China, a daughter, Barbara Louise, to Rev. and Mrs. Paul R. Reynolds of the North China Mission.

January 29. At Boston, a daughter Anne Lucie, to Rev. and Mrs. Frank S. Tucker of West Central Africa.

February 13. At Lintsing, North China, a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Lewis J. Gilbert of the North China Mission.

DEATH

January 20. At the United States Naval Hospital, San Diego, California, Justus Wellington Newell, son of Rev. and Mrs. Horatio B. Newell, D.D., for many years missionaries in Japan and Korea. Mr. Newell was a World War veteran, having participated in five major engagements.

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